

NATURAL HISTORY



Parson—Now, Willie, that you have told me the sort of fish you expect to catch this fine May morning, see if you can tell me what kind of an animal sleeps standing up?

Willie—I know; a policeman.

ONE REEL THRILLER

Husband. Girl. "Business" trip. Wife suspicious. Private detective. Country hotel. Wife appears. With her is police.

Epilogue: A. W. Holmes of National Mileage Co. held to grand jury in \$500 bonds. Detective says he caught him in hotel, St. Charles, Mich., with Miss Jennie Lindner, 7022 S. Chicago av., cashier in loop cafe. Girl denies charge.

THE MEMORY CULT

The new system of memory training was being taught in a village school near Bristol, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"Well, for instance," said the teacher, "supposing you want to remember

the names of the poet Bobby Burns. Fix in your mind's eye a picture of a policeman in flames. See—Bobby Burns?"

"Yes, I see," said the bright pupil, "but how is one to know that it does not represent Robert Browning?"

BRITISH MINERS DEFY GOV'T— WALK OUT—BOATS TIED UP

Cardiff, Wales, July 15. — British government today faced most serious internal trouble since beginning of war. In open defiance of government's threat to enforce war munitions act, practically every coal miner in South Wales collieries quit work. Estimated 120,000 persons were made idle by walkout.

Men walked out against advice of majority of leaders, who urged they defer action pending decision of executive body of South Wales federation of miners today. They practically dared government to proceed under new munitions act and attempt to collect \$25 a day fine imposed on each striker who quits work without awaiting arbitration and interferes with production of munitions of war.

Practically all railway lines carrying coal to docks were suspended and number of vessels arriving in harbor for coal were forced to lie idle.

JINGO RAVINGS

By Charles B. Driscoll.

O, let us go to Mexico, to make some dough for Andy! It seems to me this war would be, for poor John D., just dandy! It's only fair to the millionaire, that we go there and battle. How can they give and let us live, or e'er forgive us cattle, unless we tramp through swampy damp, down to the camp in Texas? We'll civilize and harmonize and standardize those Mexes. Your wife may cry, your kids may die and you may sigh, "Oh, golly!" You may get shot, and like as not, you'll lie and rot—how jolly!